

FEBRUARY 7, 1920.

HEREIN THE FARMERS ARE RIGHT.

Democratic and republican railers against such movements as the Farmers' Non-Partisan league, their grange, etc., when they fail to endorse old party methods, there are respects in which farmer sentiment rings sensibly, and patriotically true.

"This is the best country the sun shines on. Its government is the best in the world and a man who would injure or destroy it is unfit to live under the protection of its flag."

That was the conclusion of a conference of seven national farm organizations in a memorial to congress. As a declaration of faith it cannot be beaten. It is good Americanism. It is absolutely true, but it does not mean that there is not work for Americans to do; that we can or should be satisfied with existing conditions. It is not "standpatism." In truth there is no such thing as "standpatism" in a going concern, and the United States is very much a going concern. The farmers are not satisfied, but they recognize that the causes of their dissatisfaction are remediable through ordinary processes. They say:

"The frequent assertion that the war has brought fundamental economic and industrial changes and that we are born into a new world is without foundation. The same social standards and economic laws will continue to prevail."

Which is not to say that the farmers are resistant to change; that they are not progressive. They realize the necessity for readjustments as civilization moves forward, but they are opposed to the use of nostrums where specifics are clearly indicated. Our form of government has stood every test to which it has been subjected in war and peace; the farmers still place their trust in it. They set an impressive example of Americanism. Let agitators against our government and supine officials truckling to the exponents of privilege, old or new style, take warning that the sentiment of the great American public which must be reckoned with have been truly set forth by the farmers who are of the very marrow of Americanism.

A CROWN FOR SALE.

Numerous crowns have been dumped on the market lately, metaphorically speaking, but this is to be taken literally. Constantine, former king of Greece, is offering his crown for sale through a friend who has already approached London jewel merchants. This friend says he has disposed of several "small jewels, orders and badges" belonging to Constantine, and now he is getting busy with the more pretentious things.

The crown is said to be worth \$150,000 at pre-war prices, and though crowns in the abstract have gone down, the raw materials of which they are made have gone up. Constantine therefore hopes to get enough out of this bauble to pay quite a few pressing bills. It is not the state crown of Hellas, which he was evidently prevented from making away with when he skipped to Switzerland, but a "smaller diadem" worn on comparatively informal occasions. Still, it is probably a bargain for any American millionaire interested in collecting such relics.

Constantine confesses that the disposition of the crown embarrasses him. He doesn't want to sell it at auction, because "that would be undignified." Royalty must be dignified, it seems, even in ruins. Let Constantine keep whatever shreds and patches of dignity he is able to. A world, strangely unsympathetic toward monarchs, finds his predicament too funny to keep a straight face. Americans particularly are inclined to smile with satisfaction. Constantine would still be king of Greece, and honored more than ever among the mighty of the earth, if he had but served his own people half as well as he served his imperial brother-in-law, Kaiser Wilhelm—who himself will probably be hocking crowns and things pretty soon, to pay his bills at Amerongen.

THE STEEL RAISE.

The steel trust has raised the pay of its common laborers 10 percent. This is impressive because it makes a total increase of 150 percent in five years, somewhat more than the increase in the cost of living, and also because it comes at the close of a strike won by the trust itself.

The raise seems to have been wholly voluntary; there is nothing to indicate that the strikers were promised a raise to go back to work. The men doubtless appreciate it, for that reason. But they would probably have appreciated still more a reduction of their seven-day week or 12-hour day, or both together. And they would have appreciated most of all the thing they struck for, which involved no extra expenditure—recognition of their organization.

The steel trust heads always argue that it will not do to allow the unionization of their industry, be-

cause the unions, once recognized, will encroach on them and demand ever higher pay and shorter hours. But refusal to recognize unions is not going to prevent unions nor prevent demands. How can industrial problems ever be worked out satisfactorily until the employees and employers alike are thoroughly organized, as a necessary preliminary to effective cooperation?

THE MAGNETISM OF NOVELTY.

With the world agog with new inventions, new diseases, new governments, new aspirations, new philosophy, new dilettantism and new quackery, it is natural that there should arise two clearly defined forces of opinion. On the one hand are those who welcome each passing fad or fancy with the eagerness of untested excitability. On the other hand are those who confound novelty and heresy. Between them is the stable body of citizens who can be stamped neither by enthusiasm nor panic.

The extremist seldom is an important contributor to progress. He who hails every new item as a panacea and he who condemns the progressive suggestion because it is untried are alike at fault. Pope voiced the happy medium that should be the goal of serious-minded men:

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold, Alike fantastic if too new or old; Be not the first by whom the new are tried, Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

There is more to be lost by closing the mind to original suggestions than by giving them opportunity to prove themselves. That which is fallacious cannot stand the test. Whether in matters of politics, sociology, international relations, religion, economics or in other activities—and all are today seething with theory—it is well to go slow, but with eyes and ears open for the things worth while.

PAY INCOME TAX EARLY.

Paying the income tax is almost as unpleasant to some persons as undergoing a surgical operation. One is accustomed to accept the benefits of the federal government without much thought concerning the expense of maintaining it. Such taxes as those on drugs and toilet articles, luxuries, beverages, railroad and amusement tickets are paid without much grumbling because one almost unconsciously reckons the tax as part of the cost of the article or service. But for the wage earner to give up to the government a week's pay or more without receiving something tangible in direct return may seem to him a sacrifice which he would like to evade. He may fail to recall the protection given by the army, the navy and the courts, and the infinite number of other services rendered him by branches of the federal government, for which he and other citizens must pay.

For peace of mind, as well as to discharge an obligation to the nation, the tax should be paid promptly. The sooner an unpleasant duty is performed, the sooner its unpleasantness is forgotten. The internal revenue collector announces that income return forms for 1919 are at hand and the tax is due. Pay it early and have it done with.

Other Editors Than Ours

NOT STONE BLIND? THEN HERE'S LIGHT ENOUGH.

(Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette.)

That the republican members of the foreign relations committee of the senate have gone stone blind and become mad as a March hare is impressively shown in the action of Lodge and his republican colleagues at the last meeting of the conference in which efforts have been made to effect a compromise on the League of Nations.

The narrowly partisan portion of the republican press uses the largest type to announce the headlines that "Democrats walk out of a bi-partisan meeting following failure to win a point."

The purpose of course being to create the impression that the democrats are responsible for the failure to ratify.

But those who have cut their eye-teeth in knowledge of the ways of the partisan press and passing the headlines by read the body of the article sent out by the Associated Press found that "the final break came when Sen. Lodge of Massachusetts, the republican leader, refused to accept a reservation to article X drafted by former Pres. Taft, and presented to the conference by the democrats."

We have been told that there has been too much politics on both sides in the league fight. While it is susceptible to proof that from the beginning the Lodge has been striving to destroy the league and that the "politics" of the democrats has been to save it, we will pass the point. But here we have the democrats offering as their reservation one drafted by the only living republican ex-president and having it rejected by the members of that ex-president's party.

If this means anything other than a determination on the part of the responsible republican leaders of the senate to destroy the League of Nations it would be interesting to have an interpretation.

Anxious to save the league for the service of humanity, the democrats put party pride aside and gave the republicans a graceful method of escape from their impossible position. They made it possible for the republicans to say: "We have accepted a republican reservation. We have forced the democrats to accept a republican victory. And that acceptance is a republican victory."

And that opportunity was rejected; and that rejection meant that the Lodge of the senate, the recognized, responsible republican leaders of the senate are solely concerned with the rejection of the treaty of peace and the destruction of the League of Nations.

Mr. Taft has been repudiated by his party leaders at the behest of Borah who "would not follow Jesus Christ upon the League of Nations," and who keeps his word by not doing it.

This one incident ought to set all conscientious partisans right as to the real situation. It shows clearly who is playing politics with the highest interests of humanity.

Eight men are today blocking the onward march of the American people with an impudence without precedent in the history of free governments. On come the people, the American Federation of Labor, the chamber of commerce, the patriotic societies, the church organizations, the farmers of the grange, the mothers of men, the rank and file, the crippled and maimed,—and there in the road stands eight men with a sneer upon their lips, and with Borah playing traffic cop with his hand upraised:

"Follow you? Why we wouldn't follow Jesus Christ upon the League of Nations."

And out from the ranks of the people step republicans lead by Taft, a republican, honored by his party and the people with the presidency, with the proffer of a compromise.

"What!" exclaims Borah, "Follow you? Why we wouldn't follow Jesus Christ upon the League of Nations."

And the moving people stop and wait—wait on eight men—eight men out of 110,000,000 who call themselves a self-governing people!

The Tower of Babel

BY BILL ARMSTRONG.

FUNNY THINGS YOU SEE.

We were busily engaged in counting a great collection of new Paige cars passing along Lincoln way W. the other morning, and who would come by in his Chalmers sandwiched in between two new Paiges, but Bill Grimm, the noted restaurateur?

PA PERKINS SEZ.

As the family don't use it no more, Zeke Bud has mixed up a batch of beer in the home wash tub.

LOCAL SCANDAL.

A story comes trickling in to us from faraway Miami, Fla., about a South Bend man, who went with his wife south to try to stall around and have a good time for a few months while the wind is whistling up and down Michigan St. This man is an ardent prohibitionist but he always has a little of the old mulligan around for a cold. On arriving at Miami, his wife said he might have a glass, if his cold was worse.

As a matter of fact, his cold had become something fierce. She poured out three fingers and handed it to him. He tasted it and ye Gods, it was sweetened water!

He has lost his American Pride!

A DAILY THOUGHT.

Some editors are so dry they ought to serve well with crackers.

Charley Frazier, the veteran automobile and garage man, was

busily occupied in fixing a bad leak on a Ford.

He first crawled up the top with a heavy sledge hammer, and hit the poor little Ford so hard it shivered all over.

He then got underneath, searching for the leak, and discovered a way of grabbing hold of the thing, so that it rattled from stem to stern.

Charley crawled out from under and looked at the brute, scratching his head.

"By George, I can't find that leak," he said.

He then lifted up the hood, just as a last resort, and discovered quite a little ice and snow on the engine, which had been melting. The ice and snow were quickly knocked off the machine, and the leak was fixed.

"Henry Ford didn't invent that thing—Sam Lloyd did," declared the veteran automobile man, as he replaced his tall, conical cap on his head and took a chew of Navy.

NOTES OF LOAFERS.

Eller R. Newland, the builders' supply man, sends us a postal from Florida, with the following malicious message on it: "Am very sorry that you are not here to see how very pretty Florida is at this time of the year."

Charley Dolph, the ace of South Bend loafers, also wishes we were at Phoenix, Ariz., where he is resting for awhile and trying to figure out his income tax.

Bill Bender and his small glasses are looking them over at Miami, Fla.

Bill Lampert spent the week end at Kendallville.

Fred Rose cables in that they will soon be ready to harvest the Spring Liquid Veneer crop in Cuba.



Wisdom of the Heart

By Winifred Black

Here's a letter that made me laugh—and then it made me sigh, and while I was sighing, I smiled—and when I had smiled, I almost cried. Read it. It is written straight from the heart of one of a race more simple and yet more complex than ours.

The one who wrote it is a wife and mother, but there is something in her letter that sounds like a little girl. Here it is:

DEAR SENORA BLACK:

I am one of your readers, and when I read your column I always have to laugh or cry or sing, and very often I cry. Now I see this morning where a man got a divorce because his wife would not kiss him but once a month. I think I'd want a divorce, too, especially if I were the woman I heard of, who gets just one kiss every Christmas. I would want Christmas to come very often.

I will tell you a little of my home: I am Spanish and am 25 years old. I have four girls and they are very nice looking. Papa and mama love them with all their hearts. We are not rich; neither are we poor, for we have love, which is better than all the money in the world.

My hubby works every day. He is home every evening and Saturday afternoons and Sundays, too. And as for kisses—ah, well, some people would say "mush!" but let them, for I think down in their hearts, they are a little bit jealous.

Not Always Happy.

In our home there is no such thing as a single day going by that my husband and I do not put our arms around each other's neck and kiss each other 12 times all in one breath. So, you see, I have a right to sit and cry for my poor sister, be she a kisser or a kissless, cold-hearted wife.

Poor sister, that likes to be kissed and is not! What is there in life

and what holds them when all is so cold?

A little kiss or a little smile makes a woman love the more. But a cross word or a fierce look makes her blood chill, and very often she learns to hate the one love of her heart. I know from my own experience.

When I was 14 years old I married a man of 38. We had three babies, and then another woman came and took my husband from his wife, children and home. Today he is married and has a little son. Well, I hope they are happy, because I am.

My second husband is a real father to all my children. No one would know that he is a step father, because he loves them as if they were his very own. I could not describe our home other than it is heaven on earth.

Oh, once in a while the devil gets loose and we quarrel for five minutes but it is all we can do to keep our faces straight. Then we have a good hard laugh and kiss and make up, and we love each other all the more, if that is possible.

I will write you again and give you my name. Lovingly,

A HAPPY SPANISH MOTHER.

Laugh, Sing and Smile.

I like the story this letter from "A Happy Spanish Mother" tells, don't you? There is such a thing as a wisdom of the heart that is fifty times worth all the wisdom of the head in existence.

I wish you'd given me your name, little Spanish Mother, and had told me where you live, so the next time I go to your city I could sit and bask in the radiant joy of your presence.

The world's better off because you are in it. Laugh on, light heart, Sing on, happy soul. Smile on, little woman. Yes, and keep on kissing, too. Your husband is a lucky man, and you are a fortunate woman. I wish there were millions more like you. Then this old world would be a still happier place.

That animals are better bred!

Where Is There Gallantry?

A lady polygamist is held in \$1,000 bail for each of her four husbands, and not one of them has had the grace to come through with the coils.

Far From It.

The ruling that education is not a luxury is hardly surprising at a time when three college professors can be hired for the price of one janitor.

We'll Soon Be Down To Natives.

If we want to make a good population showing we'd better hurry up and take the census before the legislators get through firing the reds. (Copyright, 1920.)



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Subject to change without notice—Trains leaving South Bend, Indiana.

East Bound.	West Bound.	North Bound.
10:05 a. m.	10:30 a. m.	10:30 a. m.
6:00 a. m.	8:10 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
7:00 a. m.	10:10 a. m.	7:00 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	12:10 p. m.	8:00 a. m.
9:00 a. m.	2:10 p. m.	10:00 a. m.
10:00 a. m.	4:15 p. m.	11:00 a. m.
11:00 a. m.	6:10 p. m.	12:00 noon
12:00 noon	8:10 p. m.	1:00 p. m.
1:00 p. m.	10:10 p. m.	2:00 p. m.
2:00 p. m.		3:00 p. m.
3:00 p. m.		4:00 p. m.
4:00 p. m.		5:00 p. m.
5:00 p. m.		6:00 p. m.
6:00 p. m.		7:00 p. m.
7:00 p. m.		8:00 p. m.
8:00 p. m.		9:00 p. m.
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